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JEWELS *from* WHITTIER

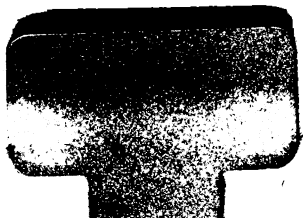
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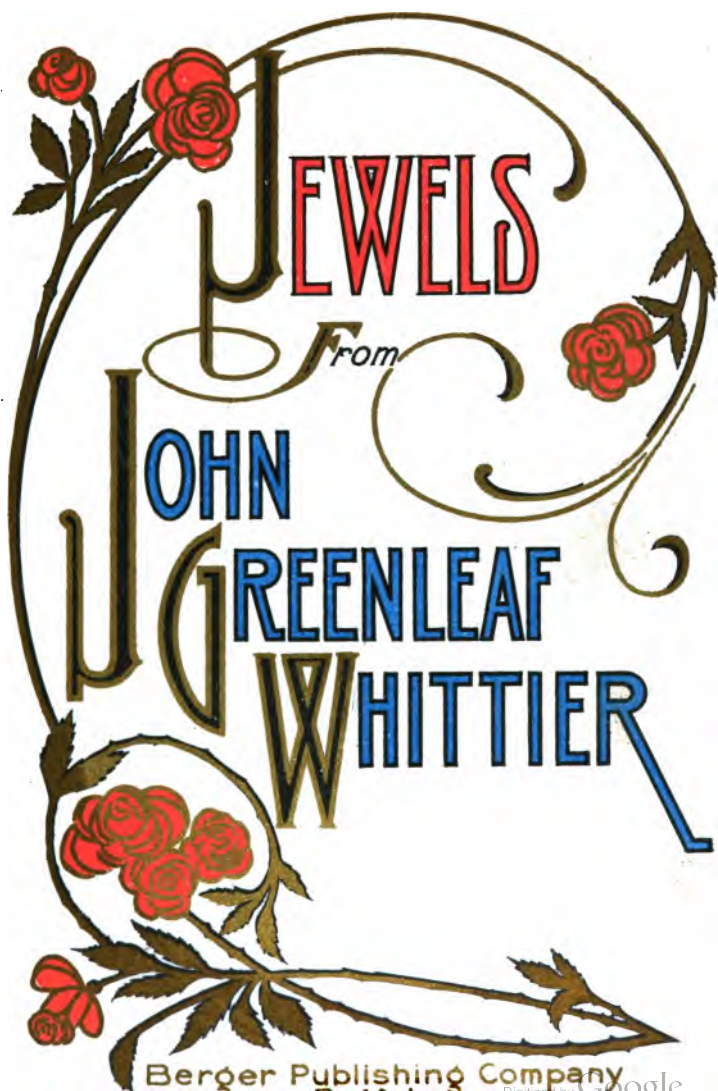
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John G. Whittier



Berger Publishing Company

Buffalo
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THE clouds, which rise with
thunder, slake

Our thirsty souls with rain;
The blow most dreaded falls to break
From off our limbs a chain;
And wrongs of man to man but make
The love of God more plain.
As through the shadowy lens of even
The eye looks farthest into heaven
On gleams of star and depths of blue
The glaring sunshine never knew!

All's Well.

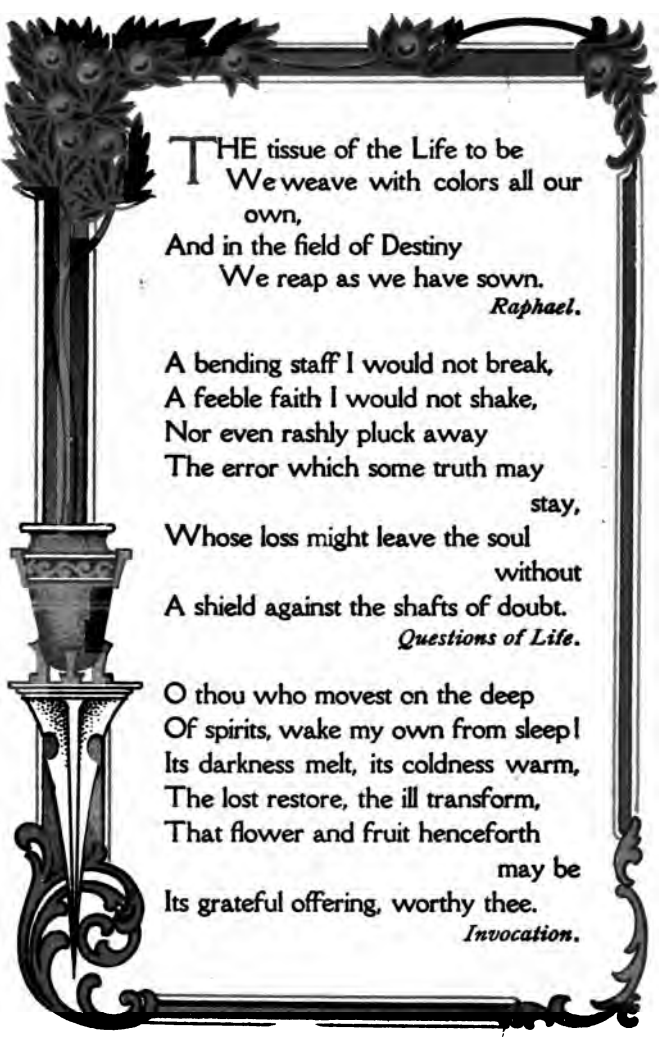
O Thou, who in the garden's shade
Didst wake thy weary ones again,
Who slumbered at that fearful hour
Forgetful of thy pain;

Bend o'er us now, as over them,
And set our sleep-bound spirits
free,

Nor leave us slumbering in the watch
Our souls should keep with Thee!

The Cypress Tree.





THE tissue of the Life to be
We weave with colors all our
own,
And in the field of Destiny
We reap as we have sown.

Raphael.

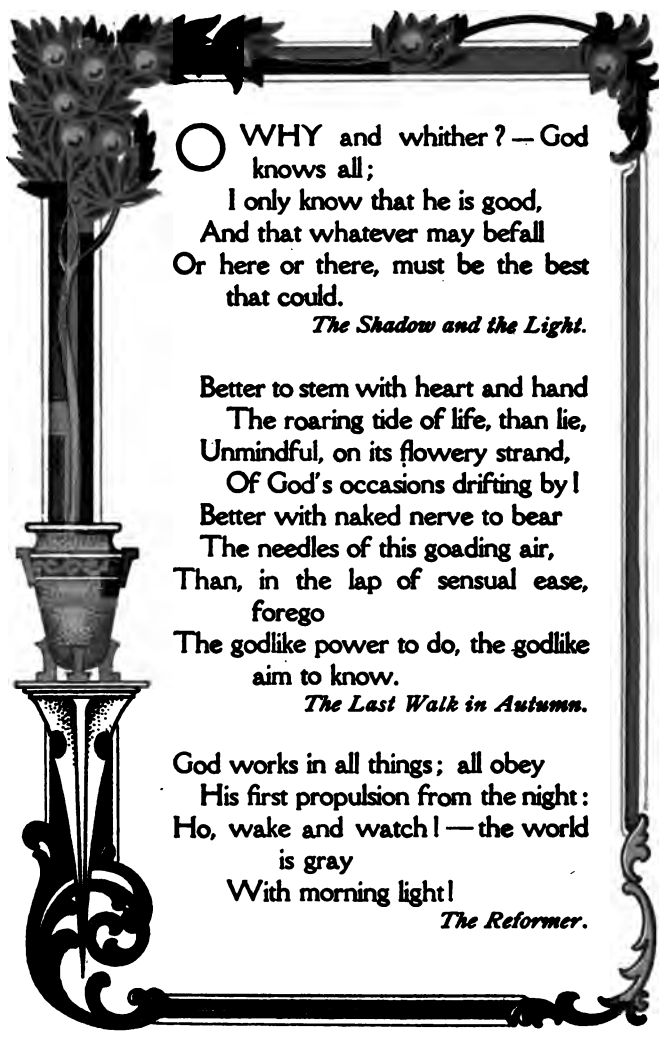
A bending staff I would not break,
A feeble faith I would not shake,
Nor even rashly pluck away
The error which some truth may
stay,
Whose loss might leave the soul
without
A shield against the shafts of doubt.

Questions of Life.

O thou who movest on the deep
Of spirits, wake my own from sleep!
Its darkness melt, its coldness warm,
The lost restore, the ill transform,
That flower and fruit henceforth
may be
Its grateful offering, worthy thee.

Invocation.





○ WHY and whither? — God
knows all;
I only know that he is good,
And that whatever may befall
Or here or there, must be the best
that could.

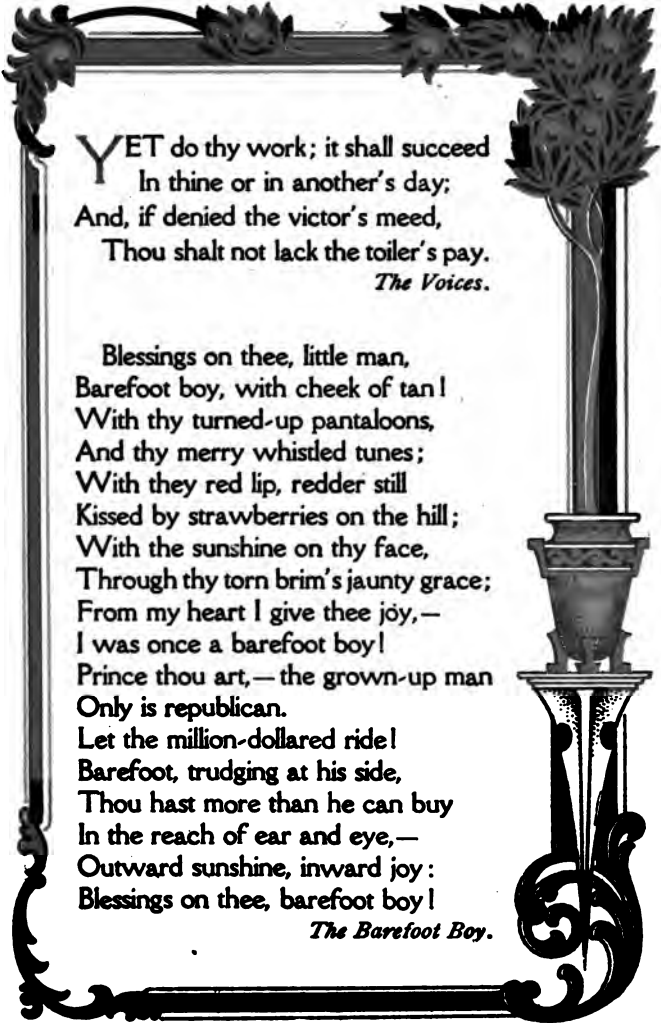
The Shadow and the Light.

Better to stem with heart and hand
The roaring tide of life, than lie,
Unmindful, on its flowery strand,
Of God's occasions drifting by!
Better with naked nerve to bear
The needles of this goading air,
Than, in the lap of sensual ease,
forego
The godlike power to do, the godlike
aim to know.

The Last Walk in Autumn.

God works in all things; all obey
His first propulsion from the night:
Ho, wake and watch! — the world
is gray
With morning light!

The Reformer.




YET do thy work; it shall succeed
In thine or in another's day;
And, if denied the victor's meed,
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay.
The Voices.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

The Barefoot Boy.





GOD'S ways seem dark, but, soon
or late,

They touch the shining hills of day ;
The evil cannot brook delay,
The good can well afford to wait.
Give ermined knaves their hour

of crime ;
Ye have the future grand and great,
The safe appeal of Truth to Time !

Lines.

No longer through the Red Sea, as
of old,

The bondmen walk dry shod ;
Through human hearts, by love of
Him controlled,

Runs now that path of God !

The New Exodus.

Another hand is beckoning us,

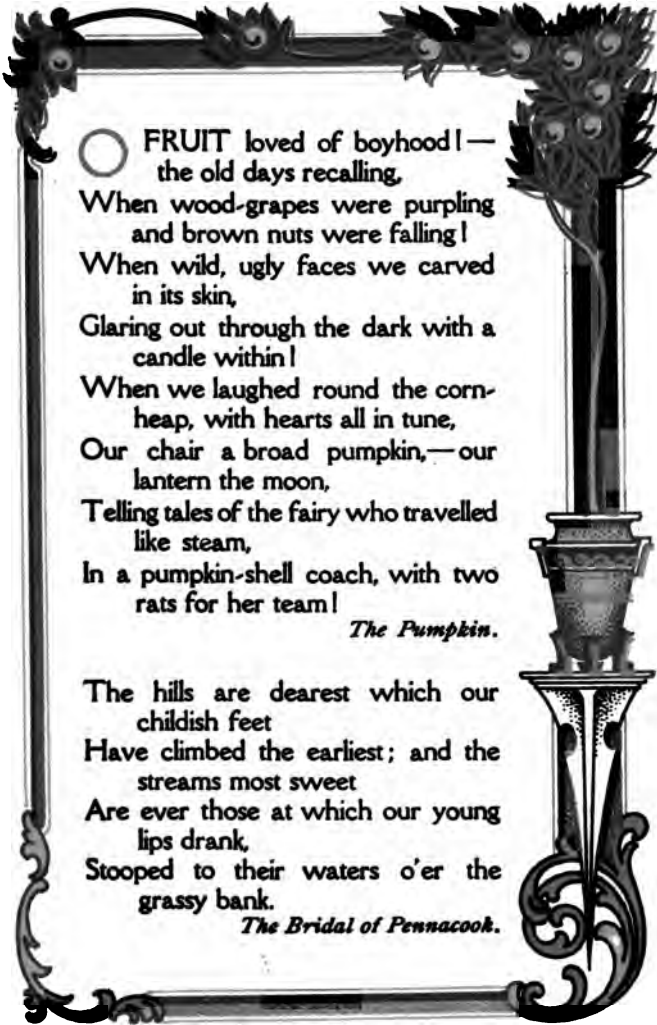
Another call is given ;

And glows once more with Angel-
steps

The path which reaches heaven.

Gone.



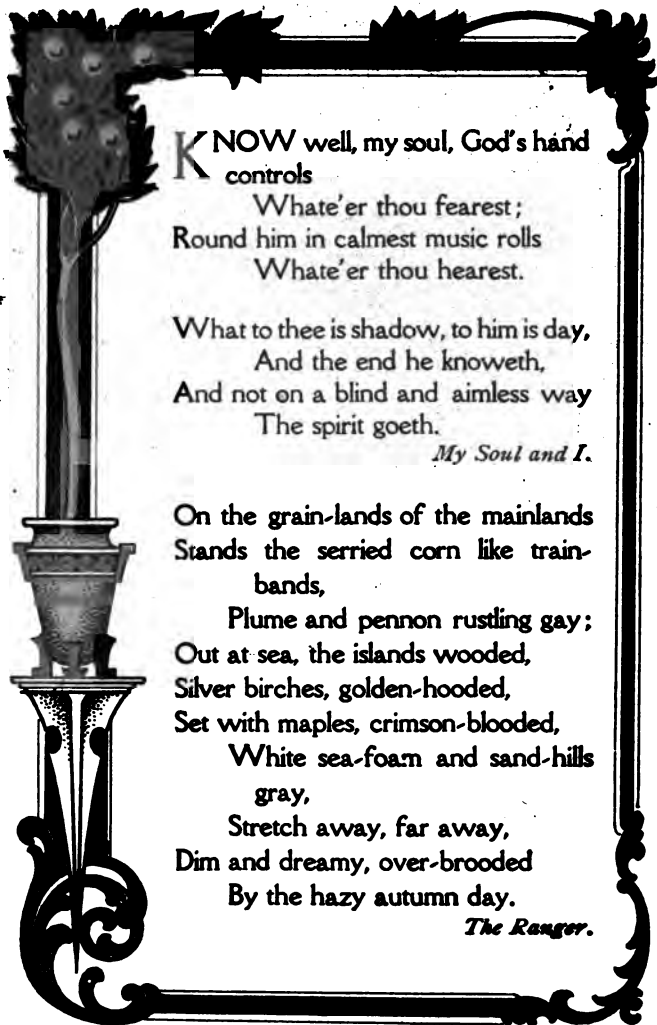


○ FRUIT loved of boyhood! —
the old days recalling,
When wood-grapes were purpling
and brown nuts were falling!
When wild, ugly faces we carved
in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a
candle within!
When we laughed round the corn-
heap, with hearts all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin,—our
lantern the moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who travelled
like steam,
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two
rats for her team!

The Pumpkin.

The hills are dearest which our
childish feet
Have climbed the earliest; and the
streams most sweet
Are ever those at which our young
lips drank,
Stooped to their waters o'er the
grassy bank.

The Bridal of Pennacook.



K NOW well, my soul, God's hand
controls

Whate'er thou fearest;
Round him in calmest music rolls
Whate'er thou hearest.

What to thee is shadow, to him is day,
And the end he knoweth,
And not on a blind and aimless way
The spirit goeth.

My Soul and I.

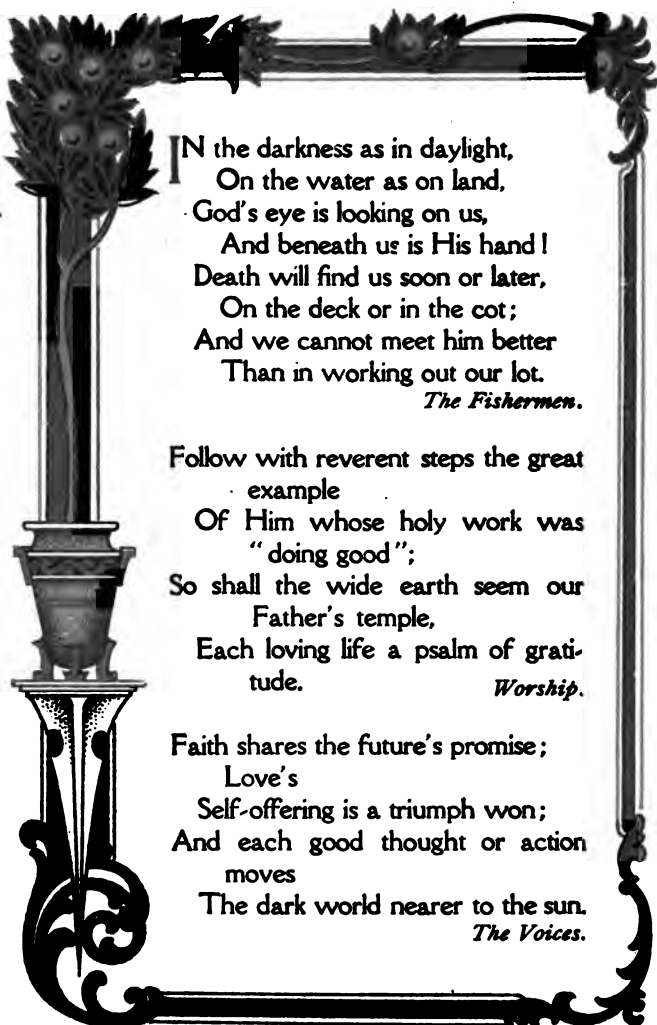
On the grain-lands of the mainlands
Stands the serried corn like train-
bands,

Plume and pennon rustling gay;
Out at sea, the islands wooded,
Silver birches, golden-hooded,
Set with maples, crimson-blooded,
White sea-foam and sand-hills
gray,

Stretch away, far away,
Dim and dreamy, over-brooded
By the hazy autumn day.

The Ranger.





IN the darkness as in daylight,
On the water as on land,
God's eye is looking on us,
And beneath us is His hand !
Death will find us soon or later,
On the deck or in the cot ;
And we cannot meet him better
Than in working out our lot.
The Fishermen.

Follow with reverent steps the great
example
Of Him whose holy work was
"doing good";
So shall the wide earth seem our
Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of grati-
tude.
Worship.

Faith shares the future's promise ;
Love's
Self-offering is a triumph won ;
And each good thought or action
moves
The dark world nearer to the sun.
The Voices.



